

HOME-MADE LAW

Man Drinks Himself to Death, but Village Needs a Poison Mystery.

CARPENTER SHOP TRIAL.

Farmers Suggest Hanging, Then Reconsider Because of the Expense.

Beech Lake, Pa., July 4.—The quiet, homely fashion in which justice is administered here would surprise New York judges. In this community it is understood that in Manhattan the men on the bench wear wigs and gowns. Here the Justice generally chews a straw in a very embarrassed way during the progress of the case, and has on nothing but his store clothes. Often he sits without a coat.

But there is a dignity about the administration of justice, even if there are no dramatic accessories. The Judge is honest, if untechnical. He is trying to do the best he knows how, and he is entitled to respect.

The greatest trial that ever occurred in Beech Lake was "pulled off" a few days ago. Richard Jay, one of the oldest inhabitants, was found dead in his chalet. The public had been reading about poisoning cases, and it decided that it wanted a poison mystery; so it was unanimously agreed that Jay had been poisoned, though in the heart of the community no one of any sense knew very well what killed him was alcohol.

The detectives reported that the man's wife made a strong cup of coffee for him and then ran away. She remained away two days, returning only in time for the funeral.

The County Physician said Mr. Jay died of drink. Every one else said the same thing. He was buried with honors, and the saloon keepers who had had him for a customer signed regretfully.

The dead man's father, Charles Jay, however, had been reading about the "Maiden" poisoning case and had had a suspicion. He caused the arrest of the dead man's wife and of James Skinner, a half-witted fellow, who it was said, was her sweet.

The case looked like one of those love dramas that so frequently convulse France.

Wallace J. Barnes, Justice of the Peace, held court in a carpenter's shop. He is a typical country Judge, honest as the day is long, and conscientious. The bar of justice was made of wood and hung on a chair, and behind that he sat. The spectators were prettily perched on piles of shavings, laths and planks. Those who came late stood up.

Asked Her if She Did It.

The first witness called was Mrs. Jay, who was asked to testify against herself, for, said the Justice, without doubt the quickest way to get at the truth was to ask her whether she killed or didn't kill her husband.

"Now," said the constable, addressing the prisoner, "did you poison that husband of yours?"

"No, I did not," replied the woman stappily, "and I'd like to know who says I done it. This is one of 'Bill Johnson's' tricks. I'd be glad to see 'em."

"Don't talk so much, Madam," put in the Court, "just say 'yes' or 'no' to the questions put to you."

The examination was resumed. "Your father-in-law says you done it," the constable continued, "and I'd like to know why you say so?"

"I know you say so," replied the woman, "but I don't know why you say so. He's an elder in my church, and he says you done it."

"No such thing," the woman protested vehemently, "and so prove it."

"Judge," ventured an old man in the rear of the carpenter's shop, "I'd like to ask the question, 'May I?'"

"Certainly," the Court replied graciously. "That's what we're here for."

The old man asked his question, which was incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial. The prisoner Skinner had been locked in a woodshed while the examination of Mrs. Jay was in progress. It was over he was produced. The two defendants were placed opposite to each other and jointly examined.

Skinner, who was terrified, and who looked around expecting to see a gallows and a masked executioner, told things that he should have kept to himself. This impelled Mrs. Jay to flush and say:

"Skinner, you're an out and out liar, and if you say that again I'll slap you in the mouth."

The Justice remarked to a citizen in a whisper: "That's the stuff. If we get 'em fighting maybe they'll tell on each other. But evidently the prisoners had nothing to tell. Skinner floundered through his testimony in an awkward fashion, and every time he blurted out some indiscretion Mrs. Jay made a threatening motion toward him and he whined.

The public were most kind to the court. They walked up every now and then to the bench to give advice, which it was most anxious to accept. Some old timer would put his arm round the Justice's neck and whisper, then he would be carried away with the fervor of his case and talk out loud, saying, for instance, "Tell her she confesses you'll let her off and hang her."

The spectators who felt like saying anything, said it. Some farmers would observe to the prisoners, for instance: "Say, I'll take about six weeks before you're hanged, and that's a waste of time."

Whenever the judge was in doubt as to what to do next, he retired to the toilet, accompanied by three or four of the wisest of his followers, and after closing the door, they would hold a legal consultation.

Judge Called for Suggestions.

After three or four hours of testimony, during which the woman prisoner was alternately defiant, terrified and indignant, the Justice looked rather hopelessly at the crowd and said:

"Gents, what to do next is more than I know. Has any one got any suggestions to offer?"

"Hold 'em for the Grand Jury," shouted a lot of men.

"No such thing," replied another lot, "we're taxpayers, and we don't want the expense of one of them poison trials. Let 'em go."

"Dick" Jay wasn't over of much account, said one voice.

"The man's dead and buried," said another, "and that ought to end it." Mrs. Jay looked grateful at the remark made of the room from which this remark came.

After the Court had heard all the various suggestions it was more mixed than ever.

Eventually it decided to telephone to a lawyer at Honesdale with whom it was acquainted, to ask him what it should do.

The reply came that it would be justified in holding the prisoners.

But the farmers while the telephoning was going on had calculated the expense of a murder trial, and rising in a body protested against any further action being taken in the case. They pointed out that the dead man was not of any value to the community and that it would be throwing good money after bad to spend anything more in the way of avenging his ungrated death.

The Court finally came around to this way of thinking, and discharged both prisoners. They left together, each reproaching the other "for giving things away."

WOMAN'S BODY FOUND IN THE SOUND.

After casting their lines in vain all the afternoon off Ferry Point in the Sound, Wesley Smith and Clarence Oaker, greatly to their surprise, yesterday brought in the corpse of a dead body of a woman about thirty years old, which evidently had been in the water a long time. They found the body on Westwater, and it was afterwards moved to the morgue at Fortham. The woman was dressed in a dark jacket and skirt, white waist and high button shoes.

Quick Results—Best Results.

Journal's unequalled growth in "Want" advertising—22,644 "Wants" ads. gained in less than six months.



SWEET LAND OF LIBERTY! OF THEE I SING! JULY 4, 1899.

Official Mastiffs Guard the Tax Rolls.

People hurrying across the small plaza to and from Brooklyn Bridge yesterday could see behind one of the iron picket gates that are locked across the City Hall doors in hot weather when the building is closed a solitary man.

He sat behind the middle gate on a stool. He was fat, forebowed, had his coat off and his shirt sleeves rolled up. He mopped his forehead and his big bare arms.

He was one of two men on guard to keep anybody from walking off with the 124 big volumes of tax rolls, which are technically now in the custody of the Municipal Assembly.

The charter provides that they must remain until the time of their submission to this body on the first Monday in July, until they are returned to the Department of Taxes and Assessments. The immediate responsibility of keeping the books devolved upon City Clerk Scully and Clerk Blake, of the Board of Aldermen.

Captain Copeland, of the City Hall station, supplied a detail of three men on watches of eight hours each.

The fat man's duty was to stay at the gate, the policeman's to stay in the clerk's office.

KILLED SWEETHEART OF WIFE'S SISTER.

Murder Follows a Quarrel of Italians Over a Gambling Debt.

Luigi Defino boarded with Nicolas Epaski at No. 169 Willow street, Yonkers, in order to be near his sweetheart, Maria di In Tasse. Epaski's wife's younger sister. He and his landlord quarrelled yesterday over a gambling debt.

"I will leave your house," said Defino. "You would like to play fast and loose with Maria," retorted Epaski, in a rage. "I am her guardian, and I will see that you do not leave this house alive until after the wedding."

He ran into another room and procured a pistol. Defino was gathering his clothes together, intending to depart. Epaski took a steady aim at him and fired five bullets into his breast.

As Defino fell, another boarder named Becario, an elderly man, sprang at Epaski to disarm him, and received the last remaining bullet in his head. So enraged was Epaski that he snapped the hammer twice more, aiming at Becario. Then he ran swiftly from the house, while the tenant dwellers poured into the streets with shouts of consternation.

Defino died soon after being admitted to St. John's Hospital. Becario, who was taken to St. Joseph's Hospital, was found to have escaped mortal injury, and he was able to return home after his wound had been dressed.

The police learned that after running from the house Epaski had been seen to jump over a stone wall bordering Park Hill avenue and take to the woods in a westerly direction. They are making every effort to catch him. The coroner caused the arrest of all the members of his household, including the weeping Maria, whose sweetheart had been murdered.

HONOLULU'S PLAGUE SCARE SUBSIDES.

San Francisco, July 4.—There was no sickness on the steamer Coptic, which has arrived from the Orient, and her passengers, who fear of the bubonic plague had abated at Honolulu.

Can Be Cured Only By Perfect Holding.

No intelligent man will dispute the fact that the only sure treatment for cure—indorsed by the medical profession—is by a truss that will keep the ruptured part in its natural position, allowing full freedom to the body and limbs without irritation. Our automatic Pad does this, and more. Our truss does away with torturing belts, leg-straps and heavy springs; is water-proof and indestructible.

CHAS. CLUTHE CO., 29 East 14th St., between 5th Ave. & Union Square, New York. BOOK FREE.

Dirt breeds Disease—Use Pearline

BUY THE GENUINE SYRUP OF FIGS

MANUFACTURED BY CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

NOTE THE NAME.

WIFE OF A MADMAN SOBBS, SHE CONFESSES FAITH.

In Delirious Rage He Tries to Leap Through a Window.

THE BABY INTERVENES.

She Takes the Child from the Crib and Breaks His Purpose With the Care of It.

Henry Bauscher's five children and his friends, the latter drivers of the flinger brewery wagons, owe his life and their peace of mind to his wife.

They were jovial yesterday, as is their habit. He was in Bellevue, drinking bouillon and doses of phenacetin. He was contented.

His wife, in her apartment of three small rooms, encumbered by furniture varnished in imitation of black walnut, was pale and worried.

She said of her husband: "He is not crazy. It was the fever. He had talked and laughed too much with his friends on Sunday. He was not rough to me. He is never rough to me. He wanted to jump out of the windows, and, oh, how difficult it was to prevent him from doing that."

A cable car struck the wagon that Bauscher was driving three weeks ago. He is enormous and muscular. He fell, and got up alone. He said that he was not hurt. He worked until Wednesday, when he had a hemorrhage which was terrifying.

The physician consigned him to his bed for the rest of the week. His friends of the brewery came to compliment him on his convalescence on Sunday. He drank beer with them. He talked and sang with them until late in the evening. Then he went to bed, very ill.

Bauscher's head wandered. In his delirious condition one idea persisted. "You are not my wife. I must return to my home," he said to his wife.

She locked the door of the apartment on Monday evening, and hid the key. She had not the strength to keep him in bed. At midnight he said: "Since the door is locked, I must have come in through the window. I will go out in the same way."

Then her struggle to save him from that involuntary suicide began.

It was a tragic tug of war. She talked to him in all the accents that she knew, in vain. She called to the children, and the eldest boy, who responded, stood in fright. He heard his father say, "I am going to my wife, who is not you."

Pleading, praying, resisting, she found herself at length touching with her heels the window, and in all the accents that she knew, she called to the children, and the eldest boy, who responded, stood in fright. He heard his father say, "I am going to my wife, who is not you."

His incessant "I am going to my wife, who is not you," was resolute. He had now only to be violent, to push her arms away from him, and jump out. She had the intense impression of being in a madman's power.

An inspiration came to her. She said, suddenly, to her husband, "Take the baby to my room. I will go to the kitchen for her milk."

He said, "Yes," docilely. She picked up the baby and placed it in his arms. In absolute faith.

He carried it to his bed, saying: "Yes, Hurry. I am going to my wife, who is not you."

Mrs. Bauscher ran out of her apartment, calling for the neighbors to help her.

Strong men sat at her husband's bedside, while others ran for the ambulance that was to take him to Bellevue. She was exhausted, she fell limp on a chair.

The physicians at Bellevue said, last night, that his mental disorder was only temporary, the effect of fever, and that he would be well in a week. Only the wife suffers.

There was a tent full of people at the "Glad Tidings" meeting last night notwithstanding the attractions and diversions of the holiday. All around the lot where the tent is pitched firecrackers were popping constantly, but this did not detract from the enthusiasm of the services nor the size of the congregation.

The feature of the meeting last night was the conversion of a young woman. There were many others who came to the altar and after prayer and supplication said they felt their sins had been pardoned. But the young woman's case was especially touching.

Under the influence of the eloquent appeal of the preacher she raised her hand as one desiring to be saved. When the opportunity was given to penitents to come to the altar she was one of the first to respond. Her sobs shook her frame. The congregation was deeply affected. Many others came forward as the result.

There was a season of prayer. Several old-fashioned camp meeting hymns were sung. Evangelist Pratt then said he wanted to have a word from those who felt the Saviour had come to them in that service. Before the whole congregation this young woman arose and said:

"I have given myself to Jesus this night, and I feel that He is my Saviour."

Before the sermon Evangelist Pratt read many letters conveying requests for prayer. One woman asked prayer for a young man who, she wrote, was dying in the Presbyterian Hospital. She closed her letter with, "I am not a Christian, but I believe Christ died for all."

Evangelist Pratt said, in all his experience he had never received such a strange request.

There were also letters from wives of wayward husbands and mothers begging prayer for their sons. A woman member of a city church choir requested prayer that she might be freed from worldliness.

"We sought not to be worldly people to sing in churches for us," said Evangelist Pratt. "We require our preachers to be godly, and it should be the same with our sinners."

The sermon last night was by Rev. Robert Bruce Smith, D. D., pastor of Riverside Baptist Church. Notwithstanding the distracting noises of fireworks all about, he held the close attention of his hearers. His subject was, "Drifting in Life." He said the modern world was drifting socially, politically, financially, morally, religiously and orthodoxy.

"Many of our Christian people are drifting in their orthodoxy from the old Bible," he continued, "for one believe in that old book from beginning to end."

The special phase of the subject upon which the preacher dwelt was the manner in which man is drifting in his ways of living. The sermon was largely a series of appropriate anecdotes, but so skillfully were they put together that the congregation was carried from one proposition to another, just as if the logical outlines had been fully expressed.

At the close of the sermon Dr. Smith himself gave several invitations to the audience, this being an innovation in the method of conducting the services. Evangelist Pratt ordinarily does this. Five hundred people arose to the question whether they felt themselves not drifting but anchored in Christ.

Rev. J. F. Carson, of Brooklyn, preaches at the tent to-night.

Macy's The Attractions of Our Stores Are Their Low Price. R. H. Macy and Co. Both Sides of 14th St. (Running from 13th to 15th St.), Sixth Ave.

The Day After

We and our people feel better for the rest and diversion afforded by the holiday. Most of us hied to the surf to sniff the salt-laden breeze, catch vigor from the ozone and match strength with high rolling, white-capped billows. Lazing and dawdling in the shining sands were good for nerve-tire and the relaxation makes us all the readier cheerier to serve you well. Come to-day. You'll find vast machinery of the store in full motion—mid-Summer merchandising at its zenith.

Women's Golf Capes.

Too warm to create interest in Golf Capes? Not at all. They're in for July. Yesterday, at Manhattan Beach, the writer saw seven women wearing white lawn dresses and fur capes. Others were triggered out in Golf Capes. The latter were natter, more graceful and charmingly picturesque. All women who start for the mountains or ocean should include a Golf Cape in their wardrobes. They'll be welcome when the waves dash and the wind blows.

- Women's Golf Capes, medium lengths, made of double-faced chevots, hooded, strapped with plain cloth and finished with several rows of tailor stitching, large variety of all the beautiful Tartan coloring, worth \$10.00; our price... \$6.24
Women's Golf Capes, extra long and newest styles, made of double-faced chevots, blue fold fronts, storm collars and hoods, colors that represent every historic clan, worth \$14.00; our price... \$9.98
Women's Golf Capes, made of handsome imported double-faced cloths, artistically tailored, rich, novel color combinations, worth \$17.50; our price... \$12.49

The Waists at Less than Half.

The original quantity was fifteen thousand, and the sale began last Friday. Buying has been immense, but assortments are still unbroken. You've never been offered equal values.

- 80c. Waists at 39c. They are made of striped percale—firm, strong quality and pretty colorings.
\$1.00 and \$1.25 Waists at 59c. They are made of white pique and duck—faultless at every point.
\$1.25 and \$1.50 Waists at 79c. They are made of white pique; plain, striped and figured dimity; striped and corded madras; striped duck and satin-striped lawn.
\$1.75 and \$2.50 Waists at 98c. They are made of plain chambrics; corded madras; white marseilles and fancy striped pique.

The Skirts at Less than Half.

We started this sale Monday with eight hundred garments. We sold them on that day up to the limit of our distributing cap. This is the last call.

- \$2.75 Skirts at... \$1.31 \$6.00 Skirts at... \$2.
\$4.50 Skirts at... \$1.96 \$9.00 Skirts at... \$3.
Bargains in Children's Dresses.
Children's one-piece Dresses, made of fine white lawn, tucked yoke with rows of embroidery insertings, ruffle at neck, sleeves edged with Valenciennes lace; full skirt, finished with deep hem, sizes 4 to 14 \$1.3
Children's one-piece Dresses, made of fine quality white lawn, yoke made of embroidery and lace insertings, ruffle over shoulders; neck and sleeves edged with Valenciennes lace, full skirt finished with deep hem, sizes 4 to 14 \$1.90
15c. White Madras at 7c.
One hundred pieces White Madras—six patterns—all of them stripes. You couldn't hit upon a neater or better stuff for children's dresses—o waists and skirts for yourself. The whole range of inexpensive fabric offers no parallel value, worth 15c., our price 7c. They are 32 in. wide.

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